

Wichita Daily Eagle

A STAMPEDE OF CATTLE.

A WILD RACE IN THE DARKNESS
WITH A HERD OF 1,700.A Tenderfoot's Thrilling Experience on
the Plains of New Mexico—Riding at
Breakneck Speed and Only Half Clad.
The Horse Instantly Tested.After weeks of "rounding up," "cutting
out," branding and marking we had
gotten together 1,700 head of the finest
steers to be found on the banks of the
muddy Pecos, in New Mexico. Two days
later the "boss" rode into camp, consulted
with the foreman, and eight men, includ-
ing the writer, were chosen to drive the
stampeding, bellowing herd so Springer, N. M.,
a distance of 250 miles.The evening of the sixth day was cloudy
and cool, and indications of an approach-
ing storm were visible.The writer was on first guard. The cattle
were restless, showing a decided disposition
to run, and instead of walking or horses
around the herd we were compelled to
travel at a sharp trot. This continued until
the arrival of the second guard, when the
increased forces succeeded in quieting them
somewhat, and the writer and his mate
started for camp guided by the light of the
camp fire, which shone like a star on a
little elevation about a half mile away.We had scarcely turned into our blan-
kets, fully dressed, as usual, with the
exception of our boots, when a rumble and
sinking of the ground was heard, mingled
with hoarse shouts."They're running!" yelled the foreman,
jumping from his blanket. "Mount! Mount!
mount every one of you!" running to his
horse as he spoke, which was picked at a
short distance away.Not waiting to don boots the writer
sprang to his horse, vaulted into the saddle
and tore off after the foreman, the
flicking light of the camp fire, fast being
extinguished by the rain, revealing the
remaining men hurriedly preparing to follow.Guided by the thunder of hoofs the herd
was soon overtaken, and in obedience to
the foreman's yell I strove to "get in front
of 'em."The confusion of the scene was indescrib-
able. The terrified snorts of the cattle
were almost drowned by the clashing of
horns, thunder of the hoofs and shouts of
the men. My oil coat was strapped to my
saddle, not having had time to unfasten it.
I tore at the leather straps, succeeded in
loosening them, and turning in my saddle
looked it before the leaders, adding my
shouts to the din around me.As well try to stop the torrent of Niagara.
The wild race was unrelenting, and, from
tradition, I knew that a misstep of my
horse sufficient to throw me or his fall
meant that I would be cut to pieces by the
sharp hoofs of the cattle.Then an unexpected event occurred. The
herd divided into two sections, one of
which I was the sole leader of, while the
other portion galloped off at right angles,
led by my two companions. For a few
minutes I could hear their shouts, then
they grew fainter and fainter, and were
finally lost in the gallop of hoofs around
me.On we thundered. My throat was raw
and swollen from shouting, and my
saddle had fallen from my hand. The
rain had ceased, but I was wet to the skin
and numbed by the cool air. I thought
the sound of hoofs was not so deafening,
and as the clouds blew away so that I could
see a few yards in front of me I found that
I was leading about a dozen steers that
had become separated from the herd. I
had just made this discovery when they
slackened speed and finally stopped, pant-
ing and quivering, all the run knocked out
of them. Of what use was a handful of
steers out of 1,700? Riding off a few yards
I listened, but could hear no sound of my
companions. Becoming conscious of a
severe pain in my left foot I reached down
and found that it was literally pinched
between the sharp needles of a cactus,
having ridden through a bed of the prickly
stuff, my foot unprotected by boots.In the excitement of the run I had not
felt it, but now the pain was intense. I
plucked such as I could and then deliberat-
ed what was best to do. My lone dozen
steers had wandered away and I made no
effort to overtake them, knowing the use-
lessness of the undertaking.THE HORSE FAILED HIM.
Here was a predicament. In the middle
of the prairie, shoeless and shivering with
cold, not knowing in what direction to go
to reach camp, and my horse blown with
his fearful run. Knowing the instinct of
horses, I dropped the bridle reins and
suffered him to go where he would.He promptly wheeled around and start-
ed off on a slow trot, which he kept up for
about fifteen minutes. I knew we were
camped on the bank of the river, and sup-
posed that he would go in that direction,
but wishing to test his instinct I turned
him from his chosen course, and to my dis-
may he complied and started off in the
new direction just as willingly. I tested
him from every point of the compass, and
he seemed to go in any direction just as
willingly.I gave up in despair then, and concluded
to keep him moving until daylight, when
I knew I could find the river. On he trotted,
while I began to curse the fate that ever
led me to become a cow puncher. After
riding, I should judge, an hour I was de-
lighted to find myself on the river bank;
but then a new question arose. Was the
camp before me or behind me? Again I
tested the horse. He would go up or down,
just as I pleased. I peered through the
darkness trying to look for anything that
might serve as a guide, when afar off in
the distance I saw a faint light which grew
to a tiny blaze and then died out. Where
there was a light there must be fire, and
with renewed hope I galloped off in that
direction, and about ten minutes later had
the satisfaction of seeing the canvas top of
the mess wagon looming up before me.We were the only two of the outfit who
reached camp that night. The others, like
myself, had chased the cattle until they
scattered, and had spent the night in a
vain search for camp. Daylight found
many of them traveling in an entirely op-
posite direction, and one nearly ten miles
from his destination.Messengers were dispatched to a ranch
across the river and to another twenty
miles away. Men were sent to our assist-
ance, and with a force of twenty cowboys
the scattered cattle were rounded up in
two days, and we continued our journey,
having lost but six head in the wild stamp-
ede.Evidence of the wild rush of the cattle
were plentiful in the broken horns, and
two carcasses were found almost trampled
to a jelly. The poor brutes, exhausted,
had fallen to the ground, only to be cut to
pieces by the sharp hoofs of their com-
panions. Four times they stampeded be-
fore Springer was reached, but the stamp-
edes fortunately occurred on clear nights,
and were stopped with little difficulty.When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Sheet Iron Work. All kinds of castings made.

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Architectural, Wrought and Cast
Iron Work for Buildings.Factory: South Washington Avenue
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Special attention to mail orders.

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STALLING'S PALM OIL SOAP

This soap is the complexion and keeps the
skin soft, smooth and healthy. For
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Complete Stock in all the Departments.

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—L. M. COX—

Manufacturing Confectioner,

And Jobber in Figs, Dates, Cigars, Foreign and Domestic Nuts, Cider,
and other delicacies. Candy Boxes, Candy Jars, Trays, Etc.

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Manufacturers, wholesale, transfer and forwarding agents, and dealers
in carriages, wagons, harnesses, saddles, trunks, suitcases, and
thrashing machinery. We have on hand a full line of the following man-
ufactured goods: Sander Bros. Mfg. Co., South Bend, Ind.; Enterprise Carriage Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio; Howe & Clark, Chicago, Ill.; Walcott & Co.,
White River, Wis.; Fairbank, Moore & Co., Chicago, Ill.; Walton Plow Co.,
Bloomington, Ill.; Peckin Plow Co., Peoria, Ill.; Avery Plow Co., Peoria, Ill.;
Jno. Douds Hay Rack Co., Dayton, Ohio; Frick Engine Co., Waynesboro,
Penn.; Massillon Thrashing Co., Massillon, Ohio; Krugler & Co., Douglas Mfg.
Co., St. Louis, Mo.; Huber Engine Co., Marion, Ohio.

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Fancy Flannel and Cotton Overshirts; Canton Flannel
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A GENTLEMAN'S DEN.

Room in Which the Man of the House
Does Just Whatever Pleases Him.The "gentleman's den" is a new de-
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For a long time we have had the priv-
ilege of seeing chambers, parlors, living
and dining rooms made up in shop win-
dows with the nicest regard for detail
and accuracy imaginable. Now comes
the novelty in the shape of an ideal for
a den, where the man of the house can
do as he likes—smoke till his mouth peels
and where his books, papers and slippers
are safe from the destroying hand of the
housemaid. The model represented by
a local firm shows a study in hand
painted English cotton, that cool, clean
fabric covering the walls. In the ceil-
ing, bordered with the palest blue cloth,
were figures from the pyramids in pic-
tureque groups. The frieze, also of print-
ed cotton, is two feet wide, and repre-
sents a study from the hieroglyphics.The floor is stained brown and a
couple of India rugs half cover it. The
furniture, while sparse, is substantial
and every piece served a purpose. For
instance, the three chairs are large, easy
and luxurious; the Turkish couch, also
cotton covered, is provided with a dull
red pillow and a silver plush and leopard
skin slumber robe that would stand any
amount of rough usage for ten years at
least. On an Oriental coffee table the
smoker's articles were displayed and
near by stood a blackened iron crane
with a kettle on the hook. The only at-
tempt at decoration was a small bamboo
cabinet stained with walnut juice andcontaining a sugar basin, water bottle,
can of alcohol and a couple of glasses
and spoons. The writing stand on the
center table was the size of a platter such
as a turkey is served from, and the glue
pot and ink bottles had the capacity of a
pint measure.The only books on the table were a
dictionary and messenger's tariff guide.
There was no cloth on the tables, no
tissues on the chairs and no bric-a-brac to
be broken or dusted. Stained glass pan-
els filled the upper windows and delicate
silk ash curtains the lower lights.The appointment of a den of this sort is
worth about \$200, and is referred to as a
hole in the wall where a bachelor and a
tired man may escape the horrors of
housecleaning, neighborly calls, piano
solos, elocution and baby talk.—New
York Letter.

Total Depravity of Youth.

A lad of 8 going into the police station
the other night told a pitiable story, say-
ing that his father so abused him that
he had run away from his home in Rome,
N. Y. The police pitied him, and after
giving him a supper tucked him away
comfortably in a bed. The next morn-
ing a man who lived only a few doors
from the station wandered in and in-
quired for his son. He was told that
only one child was there, a poor little
fellow from New York state, who had
been badly treated at home. He natu-
rally felt for the child, and expressing a
desire to see him he was escorted to the
bed, when he recognized the sleeper as
his missing son.He angrily demanded an explanation.
Jahey forgot all about the cruel flog-ging and threatened in anticipation of
the reception awaiting him at home.
When Sergeant Logan heard that he had
been wasting pity and good victuals on
the lad he felt a trifle queer, and did not
regain his composure until the patter of
a shingle accompanied by suppressed
sobs and yells floated out of a house
near by and fell like music on his ear.—
Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

He Wasn't Saying a Word.

The following correspondence was
opened by a dispatch from a small town
ten miles down the river from Akron, O.
New PORTAGE, O., Aug. 2.—Chief of Police,
Akron, O.: "Was he also deaf and dumb?"
New PORTAGE, O., Aug. 2.—Chief of Police,
Akron, O.: "He did not say a word."New PORTAGE, O., Aug. 2.—Chief of Police,
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Akron, O.: "He did not say a word."

Cigar Headquarters.

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—FINLAY ROSS—

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ICE CREAM POISONING.

Juliet Corson Writes on a Subject of In-
terest to All.

[Special Correspondence.]